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SOUTHERN REGIONAL SPARTAN FACILITY

Stimulating Stanzas...

VOL. 2

BY

ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT



THESE FEW LINES A DAY
KEEP THE DOLDRUMS AWAY

of California
Regional
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ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT

**SOME far-off one we oft have led,
Unknown to us, to change,
Because of something we have said;
None knows his power's range.
Our influence like a shadow is,
That flits upon a wall,
Which prints its owner's verities
Where he's not been at all.**

Compiled from
the previous Publications,
Lectures and Lessons of
ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT.

STIMULATING STANZAS

Troubles Pass.

O, TROUBLED one, dost thou not know
That that which wounds thee soon must go?
Life's darkest clouds all pass away;
Behind yours waits a sunny day!

The Worst Yet.

OF all sad words of tongue or pen
That relatives bestow,
The saddest of all to us are when
They say, "*I told you so!*"

Up at the Corners!

NO matter how Fortune decides to frown,
No matter how sneer the scorners,
Just keep your eyes looking above, not down,
And your mouth turned up at the corners!

The Pen is Mightier than the Sword.

THOUGH it makes no serious ruptures
'Twixt the nations, and few scars,
'Neath dark Error's stony structures,
Ink explodes them to the stars!

STIMULATING STANZAS

Workers v. Whiners.

WHEN things go wrong
Don't get the dumps,
But with the trouble wrestle;
It's not the moans, but manning pumps
That saves the leaky vessel!

Daily Choices.

WE make our own choice of a life, dearest friend,
We've selected the paths we have trod;
Each day we are treading the road that shall end
In the glistening heights or the sod.

Positives and Negatives.

WHEN darkness I would put to rout,
From my own house or room,
I never try to shovel out
The thing that's causing gloom;
But simply turn the bright light on,
And instantly the dark is gone!
So in our lives, no need to fight
With evil—just turn on *the right!*

Time.

The secret of success, I vow,
Is spelling backward that word, "Now."

Excuses.

THE most expensive thing to make,
The hardest one to make folks take,
Which, after all, but plays the Deuce,
Is that cheap makeshift—an excuse!

Hate is Blind.

THEY say that love is blind,
But how can this be so,
Since love can always find
The good in us, while foe
Or stranger only sees
Our mere deficiencies?
From which fact I surmise
'Tis hate that lacketh eyes!

Thinking Right.

IF from failure you keep shrinking,
You will make it come your way;
Of success just you keep thinking
And you'll get it sure, some day!

STIMULATING STANZAS

For and By.

TO a secret look you in;
 (All doubtful ones just try it!):
None is punished for his sin
 So much as he is *by* it.

Have an Aim!

THE tides of Life's ocean are shifting,
 And oft to the rocks they digress;
He must row, not content with mere drifting,
 Who'd land on the shores of Success.

Life's Lessons.

THE deepest laws of life are taught
By tragedy, to men of thought;
 Dark mysteries not understood
 Through tears are seen as somehow good.

Don't Speak.

THE unspoken word's like a sword in its scabbard,
 Belonging to no one but you,
But words that are uttered become thy foe's
 weapons,
 Exposing thy weakness to view.

by ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT

The Best School.

SONS of rich men, and effete,
In the toughest test
With the poor cannot compete,
For the very best
Tutor for this longed-for end,
School or university,
Is our grim, hard-visaged friend,
Known as Old Adversity.

Straws.

THAT for which we largely care
Tells folks largely what we are.

Develop Yourself.

'TIS only by fine diamond-dust
That diamonds can be polished,
To get which, little diamonds must
By thousands be demolished.
'Tis so in life the world around:
Who'll not himself develop,
To brighten big lives will be ground
Till clouds his own envelop.
I'd rather work and slave and dig,
Though all my fun is lost me,
Than used to make someone else big,
No matter what it cost me!

STIMULATING STANZAS

Don't Delay!

THE past is gone and it returneth never,
So use this moment rightly as a lever
To lift thee to the heights. Do not delay;
Great chances greet you now, but cannot stay.

Wasted Work.

THE pure who strive to handle
The folk who *want* to sin,
Are like who burns a candle
Asearching for a pin!

Expensive Enmity.

'TIS but wise to love thy neighbour,
Since the unrelenting haters,
'Spite of all their well-spent labour,
Seldom rise to be creators.

Anatomical Weapons.

I'VE found as men I go among,
Salvation lies not in the tongue,
Nor in the use of lip nor lung.
This every wise man understands:
That if, when things go wrong,
Instead, he'll use his head and hands,
They won't stay that way long.

Causes of Age.

THOUGH seasons fly,
The laughing eye,
And courage high
The marks of
 Time assuage;
For more than years,
It is our tears
And useless fears
That bring to us old age.

Count Your Blessings.

DAILY blessings come to be
Like the wavelets on the sea,
 Which we do not know are there
 Till a storm lifts them in air.
So the surface of our life
Teeming is with little joys,
 Which, until the storms are rife
With their blight and cold and noise,
Quite forgotten seem to be.
Is this true of you and me?
 Let us count our joys, each one,
 As they glisten in the sun
Of contentment, calm and peace,
Ere their blessedness shall cease!

STIMULATING STANZAS

Unprofitable.

THIS now mark you:
Shady ways
Never lead to
Sunny days.

Your Brain.

YOUR brain's the builder of your world;
With it you make your fight.
It is the final measure of
Your weakness or your might.

Pluck v. Self-Pity.

THE world so hates a tear or frown,
It saves what we call "luck"
For those alone who, when they're down,
Show what is known as pluck.

Atonement.

When by remorse you are deranged,
Know this: the Past cannot be changed,
Nor Future's penalties postponed;
That who would for his sins atone
Cannot by grief have that condoned
Which must be paid by *acts* alone.

by ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT

Progeny or Energy?

ONE'S chance in life, the moderns say,
Depends upon "eugenics";
But we still make our own to-day,
By good old "energetics."

Talk.

IF *you're* always good and true,
What the world may say of you
Cannot bring ill.
But if you are false or bad,
What folks say will make you sad,
Naught they say can make you glad,
Or ever will.

Power of Persistency.

PERSISTENCY is like a blade of grass,
Which is so gentle, yet has such a thrust
That, though it makes no noise as moments pass,
Yet stands at last on top the hardest crust.

STIMULATING STANZAS

"The Big Idea."

"WHAT'S the big idea?" says
He who likes slang phrases,
Little seeing how the ways
Of the mind—its mazes
Are revealed more than he knows
By this simple query;
Or that every man oft shows,
('Midst words light and airy)
How beneath them and behind,
Lies one main obsession,
Which absorbs his heart and mind
Till it takes possession.
So let's carefully restrain
Every thought we'd not have gain
Kingship o'er our mind's domain.

Forbidden Fruit.

THREE things for which each man has striven,
But must keep on the shelf,
Which if he'd ever have them given,
Must *not* give to himself.
These three we want throughout our days
Are: love and pity, also praise.

Chips.

THIS we learn as we grow older:
Not to carry on our shoulder
That expensive little chip,
Not to fight at every quip.

Misjudgment.

JES' because someone you trusted
Failed you when they met the test,
Don't excuse your bein' busted
Of your faith in all the rest.

Rest is Rust.

WHEN of work you are complaining,
Know life's much like aeroplaning:
When the engines start to stopping,
Soon you'll find that you are dropping!

STIMULATING STANZAS

At It!

'TIS only he who
Up and acts,
Who turns his fancies
Into facts!

Pretence.

THE vainest thing we ever do,
The silliest expense,
Which never brings us aught but rue,
Is that weak crutch, pretence.

Hinges.

AS oftentimes the largest door
May swing upon the smallest hinge,
So small events may evermore
Give all our life its after-tinge.

What Money Cannot Buy.

THERE'S nothing will do for us what a friend can.
No matter for what prize we try
We're always dependent on our fellow-man,
Who gives what no money can buy.

by ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT

A Compact.

LET'S make this secret compact,
Let's take this solemn vow:
To overlook each bad act,
To quite ignore each sad fact,
To just forget what life's lacked—
And do it right from now!

Push and Pull.

Have the will
To take your load
Up each hill
Without a goad,
And you'll find
This to be true:
Not to mind
Hard things to do,
Very soon
Will bring release
And this boon:
Hard work will cease.
If of *push* you're brimming full,
Soon you'll have a lot of *pull*.

STIMULATING STANZAS

Mean It!

JUST say, "Yes, I'll do it!"
And not, "Well, I'll try."
For truly the latter
Is telling a lie.

Mind v. Muscle.

FOR all thou art craving, dear neighbour,
For aught thou art longing to do,
Rely more on mind than on labour,
For thus all great dreams have come true.

Real Happiness.

OH, it is not in luxury
Or leisure lies our wealth,
But in our daily happiness,
Simplicity and health.

Golden Silence.

THERE'S not a single day goes by
That someone doesn't say:
"I'd give a lot if only I
Had learned that fluent way
Of speaking deftly and at length
When I was quick and young!"
But friend, it takes more brains and strength,
Ofttimes, to hold your tongue!

Rivers and Men.

MEN and rivers crooked grow
When they lack persistence
In the straightest path, and go
Ways of least resistance.

Four Big I's.

WHO practices these four big "I's,"
Needs nothing else his life to fill;
For with them he'll be strong and wise:
"I am," "I ought," "I can," "I will."

Growth.

TO arise from out the dirt
Flowers grow each season,
And the folks who're not inert,
For the self-same reason.

Well Worth It.

AS I look back upon the stony reaches
Of that hard path my aching feet have traced,
There is not one but some deep lesson teaches,
Not one but helped when crossroads I have
faced.

Expect the Best.

DO other people seem a bore,
And life not worth the living?
Does even this make you feel sore,
And peeved, and unforgiving?
Then this you need, I'm very sure,
Although you'll scarce believe it:
Expect the best! 'Twill start the cure,
And soon you will receive it!

Help To-day!

O, let's not wait
Until too late,
Until our friend
Is near the end,
Before we do our giving;
Let's make our gift,
And burdens lift,
Let's save from harm
While hearts are warm,
While both of us are living.
Before they're old
And we are cold,
Before their breath
Is stilled by Death
And all is past forgiving.

Daily Duties.

THE ugly daily duties
We find so hard at first,
Shall give old age its beauties,
And save us from the worst.

Useless Reading.

YOU who "read to pass the time,"
Read you now this little rhyme:
Better leave all things *unread*
Which no better leave your head!

Opportunity Knocks.

DO not let the dull groans of the grumblers drown
Opportunity's knock at your door.
Close your ears to the howlers; look up, and not
down,
Not backward, but always before.

STIMULATING STANZAS

Mother Love.

A MOTHER to her child is bound
By love's eternal tether,
And by his side that love is found,
In calm or stormy weather.

It Depends.

DON'T look upon life with a lustreless eye;
Our life is whatever we make it;
'Twill sunnily smile or most gloomily sigh,
Depending upon how we take it.

Simple Things.

AS you have often found the rarest flower
Close to the lowly earth from whence it springs,
So he finds truest happiness each hour,
Who closest keeps to earth's most simple things.

Better Ways.

WHAT you are to-day
Need not trouble you,
If you'll only say,
And then think and do
In a better way.
This law's tried and true:
That each human may
Change his world, and does,
From the thing it was,
First by changing thought.
Thus great lives are wrought.

Spare Time.

WHO fame or gold would hope to reap,
Must toil when others are asleep;
Must often stay and work o'nights
While others dance amid "bright lights";
And strict avoid their serious crime
Of spending worthlessly his time.
If these he'll do he'll carve a fate
The others cannot imitate.

STIMULATING STANZAS

Questionable.

WHO shows no generosity
Except that in his will,
In spite of its verbosity,
Is close and stingy still;
For then he is disposing
Of what he cannot hold,
Of what he can't help losing,
Of what's another's gold.

Engines and Men.

"DO honest work, my boy," said Dad's epistle,
"Though the others loaf or scoff;
No man or engine's measured by his whistle,
Or the steam that he blows off."

Human Porcupines.

I KNOW some critics who, like porcupines,
Have naught within themselves to rouse one's
pride,
Yet who of others write but cruel lines,
Whose pointed shafts to every man inclines
And never cease to prick him till he's died.

Two Laws.

LET'S live not just to get,
But get that we may give;
And live full lives, but let
All others also live.

Habits.

A HABIT that is bad or wrong
Is known by this one token:
It nothing seems until so strong
That it can scarce be broken.

Trumpets.

TO blow one's trumpet is a joy,
But if you dare this boon,
Know this: 'tis very hard, my boy,
To keep the thing in tune!

Return Good For Evil.

A GENTLE answer tames the angry one;
The evil man is changed when good is done;
The liar loves the truth when it is said;
To win each one heap coals upon his head.

STIMULATING STANZAS

My Lesson.

I NEVER see a flower die,
So gently on its stem,
But that to Providence I sigh:
"Oh let *me* go like them!"

Compensation.

THERE'S a Law of Compensation
That I've read somewhere about,
Which maintains that what we're getting
Is about what we give out.

Striking Bottom.

THIS sure consolation you'll find in the dregs
Of your life's every dark, bitter cup:
When you've struck the rock bottom still stand
on your legs—
For there's no place to go, then, but *up*!

Jealousy.

WHO by jealousy's deluded
Seems to think himself excluded,
If another is included
 In his loved one's care;
In return for which obsession
For complete and sole possession,
Soon is forced to this confession:
 He's no longer there!

Silence.

'TIS better to keep silent,
 And so be thought a lout,
Than take to conversation,
 And thus remove all doubt.

Look For The Sun!

ONE small fact I've always noticed
 Since I stopped to think it out:
There can never *be* a shadow
 'Less the sun's somewhere about.

STIMULATING STANZAS

"Penny-wise."

A MAN I know holds pennies
So close up to his eye
That when a pound comes floating 'round
He never knows it's nigh.
For he's so bent,
And so intent
On littlenesses he
Lets all the big ones go right by,
Because he cannot see!

Each To His Own.

HOW can I know that that belief
Which brings you peace and rest,
Which soothes your sorrow and your grief
When woe applies its test,
Which brings your soul such sweet relief
May not be Heaven's best?
Ah, he would be the veriest thief
Who'd rob you of its zest!

by ELSIE LINCOLN BENEDICT

Bigs and Littles.

TO get the *big* things out of life,
No need be rich men's sons,
Or do what's wrong, but get along
Without the *little* ones.

Don't Turn Sour!

SOURING spoils both milk and men,
And what's sour starts to mould;
If unspoiled you'd be, why then,
Don't turn sour when you're old!

Never Mind.

HE never knows a moment's bliss,
No matter what may come his way,
Who though he's right keeps thinking this:
"I wonder what the world will say."

STIMULATING STANZAS

Empty Minds.

WE can't help starting out in life
With just an empty mind,
But all can help the ending up
With that same hollow kind.

Up And At It!

NO far goal is won by dreaming
Of the thing we'd like to do;
Never reached by sham or seeming,
But by what we *up and do!*

Ostriches.

DON'T put things over on the boss;
'Tis but an ostrich smothers
His head in sand. For this your loss:
You'll *not* be over others.

Fibs and Faults.

WHO tells a lie to hide a spot
Of fault that's on his soul,
Is like one who'd conceal a blot
By making it a hole.

Home-Made.

IF you'd laugh while at your labours
And avoid the undertaker,
Don't depend on friends or neighbours,
But become your own joy-maker.

Change Your Thought.

JUST change the thought, the consciousness,
With which your mind is rife,
And soon you'll happily confess
That you have changed your life.

STIMULATING STANZAS

Two Questions.

WHEN Death at last has come to bind him,
The curious ask, as they bend o'er him:
"What goods and deeds left he behind him?"
But, "What good deeds sent he before him?"
The angels ask when thus they find him.

True Values.

'TIS not enough for one to own
Health, fame or power or wealth alone,
For famous men go frowning by,
And richest ones are seen to sigh.

And oft the powerful plays his part
With anxious mind and heavy heart.
Though health is vital, we can see
Some sick folks happy as can be.

Though fame is good, we all will own,
The lightest hearts are not well known;
Though wealth is well, if fully earned,
Still joy with gold is not concerned.

The secret plainer seems to me,
The more I know or think or see:
'Tis *love alone*, none can gainsay,
That makes or mars our human way.

Another Version.

THERE was a little girl
Whose hair refused to curl
Even round the wrinkles on her forehead;
For she was straight-laced,
So smug and so long-faced,
That even her angelicness was horrid.

Have a Plan.

BEGIN upon a definite, vivid plan
A glorious, glowing future to prepare,
And know that what you would do, that you
can,
If you will never hearken to despair.

Envy v. Exultation.

THE base minds look with envious eyes
On every man who wins a prize,
And thus decrease their own best chances
For similar joys or great advances.
But higher ones are always filled
With swift rejoicing, and are thrilled
With Emulation's burning fire,
Till their own joys keep mounting higher . . .
Thus different lives we see resulting
From enviousness or glad exulting.

STIMULATING STANZAS

The Key.

WHEN Opportunity's door you see,
And can't, at first, unlock it,
Stop being blind, and you will find
The key right in your pocket!

The Brave.

HE *said* what others only thought,
He *did* what they but said they ought,
And then he'd frequently *admit*
The sins they'd *secretly* commit.

Like Attracts Like.

IF you are true, men much like you
Will meet you on the way,
But if you're wrong, bad men will throng
Down all the roads you stray.
Thus love or hate comes soon or late
To fill the paths we go,
Depending on what we have done
To make life treat us so.

Start Anew!

UPON the cornerstone of yesterday,
Begin to build the structure of to-morrow,
By being pure and generous to-day,
And yielding not to fear or hate or sorrow.



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